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DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION.

The coming of democracy was the sign most clearly set in the social skies of our century at its dawn, and the triumph of the democratic spirit is the social phenomenon that stands out most distinctly as we look back upon the century's course. From our present point of vantage, indeed, the democracy whose successive conquests the years have marked is a very different thing from the democracy prefigured in the vision of those generous and ardent souls by whom its advent was hailed. The social ideal that once gave inspiration to the impassioned song of Shelley has become, in our own days, the not unfit recipient of the blatant laudation of Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his like. We now find no difficulty in seeing what the enthusiasm of the early nineteeth century could not see, the fact that the coming of democracy meant a revolution farther-reaching than any merely political revolution of former centuries had been, and the other fact that the democratic reconstruction of society was, in its full meaning and effect, incalculable by any method of social astrology known to men. The virtues of democracy were alone foreseen; its failings were left to be revealed by experience. Some of its sponsors, like Shelley, found early graves, dying happy in the faith. Others, like Wordsworth, lived to grow disheartened by the excesses of democracy, and sought for solace in new and sterile ideals. A few, like Landor, Mazzini, and Hugo, of faith too robust to be broken by adversity, held fast to the democratic principle, devoting themselves unswervingly to its service, never forgetting that through thornset ways alone men reach the stars.

The great poet who, more than any other, has linked with our own the early age of hope, must, on the whole, be reckoned with those in whom the faith, although it may have faltered, has not failed. That "God fulfils himself in many ways" was his often repeated message to those who were impatient because the fulfilment was not immediate and in one particular way. He who told us, half a century ago, of his "Vision of the World," who sounded the true note of democracy in the verses,

> "Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
> That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do,"

never really departed from the principle then expressed. There may, it is true, be detected a note of pessimism in some of Tennyson's later poems, but it is not the absolute pessimism that despairs of the future. With the old age of our century, to those who have grown wise with its teachings, the problem of democracy has shown itself to be one of ever increasing complexity, and the solution of that problem seems no longer near at hand.

> "Forward far and far from here is all the hope of eighty years"

is a cry that still speaks of hope, if of hope deferred in heartsickening degree. The future belongs to democracy, and is a future of fair final promise, yet the way to it is both dark and devious, and will doubtless lead through many disappointments, and offer many phases of retrograde development. We may still confidently take "Forward" as our watchword, but must

> "Still remember how the course of time will swerve,
> Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve."

At present, it must seem to the most thoughtful

that democracy is in danger of becoming, if it has not already become, a mere "tyranny of the majority." That the voice of the people is the voice of God is a dictum true within certain limits, true in its relation to the broad features of social organization, but profoundly false when applied to the special problems of society. For the solution of the special problem we must look to the expert; and the untrained masses, however praiseworthy their intention, can be expected to solve such problems only in a blundering and probably disastrous fashion. Only in an ideal society, a society that should have eliminated the "remnant" by growth to the "remnant" level of intelligence and culture, could the *vox populi* safely be left to decide upon the delicate questions of education, economics, and social ethics that somehow have to be decided by and for the people as a whole. Even the Athenian democracy, far surpassing any modern democracy in versatile capabilities and intelligence, made sad work of some of the special problems that it was called upon to solve.

The lesson above all others, then, that democracy has yet to learn, is the lesson of restraint. No doubt

> "It is excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant."

In the first flush of conscious power, it is not surprising that our nineteenth century democracy should have sought to regulate all sorts of matters that really call for the trained judgment of the specialist. The democracy of the twentieth century will, we trust, choose the wiser part of delegating its powers to agents specially chosen with regard to fitness for special work. It will realize the unspeakable foolishness of submitting scientific questions to popular vote. It will abandon the detestable practice of requiring its representatives to act as mere automata, and will instead choose them for their wisdom and leave them to act according to its dictates.

This may seem a hopelessly optimistic forecast, yet upon its eventuation the future of civilization depends. In spite of its manifold successes, democracy is still upon trial, and those who gird against it, from Carlyle to Maine, rightly fix upon the tendency above described as the most vulnerable feature of popular government. The history of our own country is particularly rich in illustrations of democratic ineptitude or failure, and so is peculiarly instructive to the student of political institutions. We have settled too many questions calling for extensive knowledge and ripe judgment by the rough method of the popular vote. Much of our public policy, so far as it has to do with economics and finance, has thus been shaped in direct defiance of the fundamental principles of those subjects, bringing upon ourselves disaster, and earning for us the mingled amusement and contempt of other countries. If the vagaries of our economic legislation have thus contributed to the gaiety of nations, the way in which we have dealt with our international complications has contributed to their righteous indignation.

Perhaps the most searching test of our democracy will be supplied by its attitude toward public education. Fortunately, the Constitution of our Federal Government does not permit of educational centralization, and so makes a dull uniformity impossible. We shall always have instructive contrasts in systems and methods, and with them a constant spur to progress. Yet the centralization possible within the limits of the state, or even of the large city, has its dangers, and it too often happens that the educational forces of a considerable community are controlled by ignorance, and made ineffective by deference to uneducated opinion. Many of our state universities and the public schools of many of our large cities have to make all sorts of concessions to the spirit that insists upon a narrow practicality in education, and that almost wholly ignores the real objects of school and college training. State legislatures are never, and city school boards are rarely, composed of persons fit to exercise judgment in technical questions of education; yet these bodies are constantly engaged in meddlesome efforts to nullify the work of the professional educators whom they employ, and to whom, having once delegated the necessary authority, they should leave the most complete freedom of action. Such matters as the selection of teachers and of text-books, of the arrangement of curricula and the conditions of promotion and graduation, should, as a matter of course, be left to professional educators. When we consider the fact that these matters are, nevertheless, very generally controlled by political boards and legislatures, it is surprising that our schools and colleges should have made as creditable a record as they have succeeded in doing. It is only a few days since the Governor of Illinois publicly scoffed at the best educational ideals that the experience of the ages has established; and it is only a few weeks ago that a crusade of ignorance, led by the newspapers, threatened to seriously cripple the work of public education in Chicago.

When such occurrences have to be chronicled, it is clear that democracy has yet to learn its most important lesson. But it will not do to say that our century was not ready for the democratic experiment. The analogy between the individual and the nation is always a valuable one, and in application to this case its teaching is clear that only in the hard school of experience is real growth to be secured. If only the nation were as quick as the individual to profit by the teachings of experience! But the lessons are so soon forgotten, the nation is so wont to recur to the old sickening round of delusion, folly, and disaster, that only the most sanguine souls can steadfastly resist the promptings of despair and look forward with unabated confidence to the reign of reason and intelligence in which all the hopes of democracy must be centred.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The public was well prepared to hear of the death of Mr. Edwin Booth, which occurred on the seventh of this month, and the news brought a sense of relief to the thousands who had known how hopeless was his case, and whose sympathies had been aroused by his protracted illness. The vacancy left by his death seems little likely to be filled, for he created no school, and all the tendencies of the English-speaking stage seem to point in a very different direction from that in which lay his life-long ideals. For the greater part of his career, his position as the first of living American actors was indisputable, and he even outlived those of his fellows who stood nearest to him in the second rank. The best of his impersonations must be reckoned among the supreme triumphs in the history of acting. His Hamlet, his Richelieu, his Iago, his Lear, and his Richard III. brought to the genius of Shakespeare as noble a tribute as it has ever received. It must be admitted that his severe art had certain limitations, that humor (in the broad sense) and the passion of the lover were beyond his reach, and that intellect overshadowed emotion in his work. Even his Hamlet, as Mr. Irving has shown us, lacked something of the proper balance in these latter qualities, while his Othello was distinctly inadequate upon the emotional side. In Mr. Booth's later years, the intellectuality of his work became more dominant than ever, the fire of the earlier days almost wholly disappeared, and he spoke the lines of his Hamlet as if they might be trusted (and might they not?), aided only by perfectly modulated enunciation and appropriate but quiet gesture, to make their due impression upon the hearer by the sheer force of their thought. Every Shakespearian student must have felt, over and over again, that the most pregnant passages of the tragedies suffer by anything approaching declamation, by anything that for a moment diverts attention from the poet to the actor. Prompted by this feeling, Mr. Booth brought his great Shakespearian parts more and more under an intellectual restraint. To the superficial observer, the result seemed tame, but it deserved and won the applause of the judicious. As an artist, Mr. Booth did some things that his friends could but regret. He expended too large a proportion of his talents upon such fustian as "The Marble Heart" and "The Lady of Lyons." In Germany, he was guilty (as Salvini in this country) of the unpardonable offense of the polyglot performance. He made a too literal application of the maxim,

"Act well *your* part; there all the honor lies,"

when he was contented to appear supported by wretched companies and surrounded by makeshift scenery. But when all this is said, the fact remains that he stood, throughout his career, in most of the essentials, for the dignity of what seems, at least in our own country, in fair way of becoming one of the lost arts.

The exhibit of the French publishers at the World's Fair was formally opened to the public on the tenth of this month. It is in charge of M. Emile Terquem, well known to American librarians and other purchasers of foreign books, who represented the French publishers in a similar capacity at the Philadelphia Centennial. The exhibit, which includes books and bindings, prints and maps, is very interesting. The examples of artistic binding displayed by M. Léon Gruel would tempt the most fastidious amateur. Perhaps the choicest of the treasures on exhibition is a (modern) manuscript on vellum of the "Imitation," translated by F. de Lamennais. It is the work of the miniaturists, MM. E. Morean and G. Ledoux, and is valued at 20,000 francs. The exhibit of maps is sent by the French Department of War. They are beautiful specimens of cartography; those which illustrate the triangulation of France, begun in 1790, are peculiarly interesting. Of books, there are many notable displays, among which we mention those sent by MM. Firmin-Didot et Cie., Hachette et Cie., and Emile Testard. The case over which bibliophiles will hover the longest, however, is that which contains examples of M. Conquet's *éditions de luxe*. The "Chartreuse de Parme" is not there, being out of print, but we have specimens of "Sylvie" and "Ruy Blas" and "La Princesse de Clèves," and many others, any one of which would make its owner a confirmed bibliomaniac. Absolute perfection is the only phrase that will describe the Conquet publications.

A recent court ruling in England is of interest to authors. Our account is taken from the London "Times." "Mr. W. A. Macdonald brought an action against the proprietors of the 'National Review' to recover payment on an article which he had sent to them, which had been put into type, and a proof of which had been submitted to him, but which the defendants had subsequently refused either to insert or to pay for, in consequence of a letter from the plaintiff complaining of delay in its publication. Judge Lumley Smith held that the conduct of the defendants in putting the article into type and sending the plaintiff a proof amounted in law to an acceptance of it, and awarded the plaintiff the sum of eleven guineas, which he claimed, with costs."

EDGAR A. POE AND THE BROWNINGS.

Among the more highly-prized books in my library is an English reprint of Edgar A. Poe's poems, formerly belonging to Robert Browning. It is the edition published by the distinguished critic James Hannay, at London in 1852. Mr. Hannay's sketch of the poet is somewhat confused as to geography and dates. He assures us that Poe was "a native of Virginia," adding that he was "born at Baltimore in 1811." Geographical accuracy in American matters has never been a characteristic of English critics. Though Poe was not born in Baltimore, or in 1811, but in Boston in 1809, the biographical misstatement based upon Griswold is pardonable. Not the least interesting thing in Mr. Hannay's introductory notice is the prediction that Poe's poems will be received by his English admirers with "three times three." Whatever may be said of these melodious messages from "night's Plutonian shore," they are hardly the kind to which we should expect to see extended a boisterous welcome of triple cheers. Such hilarity predicated upon these lyrics of death and ruin is about as congruous as the proverbial "savage turtle-dove."

What renders this particular copy of exceptional value, however, is a note on one of the fly-leaves in Mr. Browning's own handwriting: "Given to Mrs. Benzon, — partly on account of the poetry, partly on that of the dedication at page 33, —

with all affectionate wishes of Robert Browning. March 7, '67." The dedication referred to, it is needless to say, is the one prefixed to all English reprints of Poe's poetry, but strangely enough omitted from most American editions: "To the noblest of her Sex,—To the Author of 'The Drama of Exile,'— To Miss Elizabeth Barret Barret, of England, I dedicate this volume, with the most enthusiastic admiration and with the most sincere esteem. E. A. P."

Mr. Browning must certainly have long been accustomed to hear sounded extravagant praises of his wife's genius. It could not therefore have been the adulatory tone of Poe's dedication that commended itself so much as the evidence that Mrs. Browning's talents were so fully appreciated by a kindred spirit beyond the sea. That there was a kinship of genius between the English priestess of song and the American minstrel of despair is apparent, though doubtless more than counter balanced by the points of difference.

Poe was one of the first to appreciate the poetry of Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett. And Miss Barrett and her future husband were among the first English writers to detect the merits of Poe's melancholy verse. Poe's latest biographer, Mr. George E. Woodberry, has unearthed from copies of the New York "Evening Mirror" of October and December, 1844, these two notices of Miss Barrett, evidently from Poe himself: "Miss Barrett is worth a dozen of Tennyson and six of Motherwell — equal perhaps in original genius to Keats and Shelley," and "We do not believe there is a poetical soul embodied in this world that — as a centre of thought—sees further toward the periphery permitted to angels, than Miss Barrett." In the first number of the "Broadway Journal" (Jan. 4, 1845), of which he shortly afterward became editor, Poe began his rather lengthy review of Mrs. Browning's works. It is interesting to note that many of the features that he picks out for praise or censure in Miss Barrett's poems may be parallelled in his own verse. He finds special fault with her affectations of phraseology, though himself guilty of such archaisms and absurdities of expression as "red levin," "Runic rhymes," "immemorial year," and

> "Astarte's bediamonded crescent
> Distinct with its duplicate horn."

He objects to the inadmissible rhymes and faulty rhythm which disfigure nearly every page of her poetry. Certainly the opening lines of "The Drama of Exile"—

> "Rejoice in the clefts of Gehenna,
> My exiled, my host!
> Earth has exiles as hopeless as when a
> Heaven's empire was lost,"—

though bad enough, are no worse than Poe's

> "And I said, 'She is warmer than Dian:
> She rolls through an ether of sighs,—
> She revels in a region of sighs;
> She has seen that the tears are not dry on
> These cheeks where the worm never dies,
> And has come past the stars of the Lion,"

and other instances easily cited. He is unsparing in his criticism of the blunders made by Miss Barrett, though in the same article he has deliberately recorded his ignorance of the authorship of "Œdipus at Colonus" in this remarkable sentence: "Although Æschylus might have done service as 'a model' to either Euripides or Sophocles, yet were Sophocles and Euripides in London to-day, they would, perhaps, while granting a certain formless and shadowy grandeur, indulge a quiet smile at the shallowness and uncouthness of that Art which, in the old ampitheatres, had beguiled them into applause of the Œdipus at Colonos." It is a significant commentary on the condition of American scholarship in the first half of this century that Poe passed for a learned man. One enthusiastic biographer gravely assures us "Edgar Poe was, perhaps, the most scholarly writer our country has ever produced. His acquaintance with classical literature was thorough." Mrs. Browning was evidently more correct when she wrote that Mr. Poe "sits somewhat loosely on his classics,"— a figure more apt than poetic. Mr. Woodberry was, we believe, the first biographer to expose the incorrectness of the oft-quoted sentence appended as a note to the exquisite lyric "Israfel."

It is not surprising that Poe found much to admire in Miss Barrett's "The House of Clouds," "The Lost Bower," and "The Lay of the Brown Rosary." They were themes upon which Poe's own genius might have exercised itself. Among the longer poems, he awards the palm of merit to "Lady Geraldine's Courtship,"—"Aurora Leigh," it will be remembered, was not yet written. The influence of "Lady Geraldine" on the American writer was decisive. This is manifest at once in the familiar parallellism between Poe's

> "And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,"

and Mrs. Browning's

> "With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air, a purple curtain."

Poe's English biographer, Mr. Ingram, is doubtless correct in questioning the accuracy of the statement, made to Robert Browning by Buchanan Read, that Poe had admitted to him that the suggestion of "The Raven" lay wholly in the line just quoted from "Lady Geraldine." It does not, however, imply a rejection of Poe's own account of the genesis of his most popular poem, if we fancy its foreshadowings may be detected in the writings of Mrs. Browning, Charles Dickens, and Albert Pike. For reasons not necessary to be repeated here, aside from those adduced by Mr. Ingram, the argument as to the indebtedness of Poe to Pike's "Isadore" seems well founded. But the influence of Mrs. Browning was far more subtle than that of Mr. Pike. In his essay on Mrs. Browning, Poe refers to the obtuseness of a writer in "Blackwood" in taking exception to the second line in the following stanza from "Lady Geraldine,"—

"Eyes, he said, now throbbing through me! are ye eyes that
did undo me?
Shining eyes like antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone!
Underneath that calm white forehead are ye ever burning
torrid
O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life un-
done?"

and makes the sweeping assertion: "We cannot refrain from expressing our conviction that from the entire range of poetical literature there shall not, in a century, be produced a more sonorous, a more vigorous verse, a juster, a nobler, a more ideal, a more magnificent image — than this very image, in this very verse, which the most noted magazine of Europe has so especially and so contemptuously condemned." The fierceness of Poe's vindication will perhaps be the better appreciated when we discern an echo of these very lines in

"On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dream-
ing."

Other passages from "Lady Geraldine" might be quoted to show the impression that it unquestionably made upon the mind of our greatest lyric poet. For instance,—

"There I maddened. Her words stung me. Life swept
through me into fever,
And my soul sprang up astonished,— sprang full-statured
in an hour.
Know you what it is when anguish with apocalyptic NEVER
To a Pythian height dilates you, and despair sublimes to
power?"

In view of these and other similarities, it is edifying indeed to hear Mr. Poe characterize "Lady Geraldine," with all its beauty, depth, and passion, as a "palpable imitation" of "Locksley Hall," though surpassing Tennyson's poem "in plot, or rather in thesis, as much as it falls below it in artistical management and a certain calm energy."

"The Raven" created almost as great a sensation in England as in America. Miss Barrett refers to the "fit horror" that it produced in that country, adding, "Our great poet Mr. Browning, author of 'Paracelsus,' etc., is enthusiastic in his admiration of the rhythm." This enthusiasm evidently did not wane with age or more extended knowledge of the American poet. More than twenty years later, as the little note referred to near the beginning of this article testifies, the volume containing "Lenore" and "To Annie" still commended itself to the author of "Evelyn Hope" and "Heap Cassia, Sandal-buds and Stripes," partly on account of the poetry, partly on that of the dedication.

JAMES L. ONDERDONK.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF BOOTH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read a number of notices of the late Edwin Booth, published in connection with his recent illness and death, but in none of them has any mention been made of one of the most exciting incidents of his career — of the attempt made upon his life by Mark Gray, a half-crazed youth who fancied the actor had done him an injury. As I witnessed the incident, I thought that an account of it might prove interesting to your readers.

It was at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago, about fifteen years ago (I am not certain of the exact date), and Mr. Booth was playing the King in "Richard II.," a part rarely undertaken by him. The last act was in progress, and the King was alone in the dungeon of Pomfret Castle. Seated, he was reciting the great soliloquy:

"I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it: — yet I'll hammer it out."

At this moment a pistol shot came from the right (looking from the stage) of the first balcony. I was seated near the front of the house, and, looking around, saw a man leaning over the balcony railing, and raising his pistol for a second shot. The shot was fired, and then Mr. Booth slowly rose, stepped to the front of the stage, and looked inquiringly towards the balcony. He saw the would-be assassin, saw the pistol raised for a third shot, turned quietly around, and very deliberately walked back out of sight. In the meanwhile, his assailant was seized from behind, and was not permitted to pull the trigger for the third time. What particularly impressed me about the whole affair was the coolness displayed by Mr. Booth, and the deliberate way in which he betook himself to a place of safety. He was acting the part of a king, and did not for a moment forsake the kingly impersonation. One cannot help wondering what memories of the tragedy that had so darkened his past life flashed upon his mind at the moment. After remaining behind the scenes for a short time, Mr. Booth reappeared, begged the audience to excuse him for a few moments longer while he should speak to his wife, finally came upon the stage again, and finished the act which had been thus unexpectedly interrupted. At the close, the audience, although a small one, greeted him with as hearty an outburst of applause as is often heard from any audience or in any theatre.

P.

Chicago, June 12, 1893.

DATE OF ISSUE OF THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The following letter, from an eminent bibliographer and successful collector, I am sure will be acceptable to the readers of THE DIAL, as it corrects the date heretofore given for the issue of the first newspaper.

W. H. S.

CINCINNATI, May 20, 1893.

. . . I think it may interest you to know that I have a copy of No. 29, May 2, 1623, of Nathaniel Buttres' "Weekly Newes," the first English newspaper. The first number, as far as I can find out, was issued August 2, 1622, not May 3, as you have it. The second number was August 13; the third number August 23. It came out irregularly, sometimes a week and sometimes ten days between the numbers. I believe the British museum has a nearly complete set, but at the great Caxton celebration in 1877, they had not a copy of any number to exhibit, though they had a very large number of early newspapers.

Yours truly, ROBT. CLARKE.

The New Books.

A Memoir of Bronson Alcott.*

In two shapely, well-printed volumes entitled "A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy," the reader will find ample material for forming an adequate idea, not only of Alcott himself and his associates, but of the curious intellectual movement with which he was identified, and of which he may be taken as the embodiment. The strictly biographical part of the book is the work of Mr. F. B. Sanborn; the share of his co-laborer, Dr. W. T. Harris, being apparently confined to a closing chapter expository of Alcott's philosophy. It will be readily seen that Dr. Harris's undertaking is no light one, the Alcottian system having largely evaporated, as it were, in sound, besides being in itself somewhat nebulous and diffusive; but of this more hereafter. Mr. Sanborn's task has been largely one of selection and arrangement. He has handled his copious material with judgment, weaving it into a fairly continuous whole, presenting only what is apt and salient, and supplying the necessary comment and appreciation soberly, and not, as it seems to us, without a lurking sense of certain undeniably humorous sides of his subject. The humors of Alcott's character have, indeed, seldom gone unrecognized, even by those who, like Emerson, realized the high aims and ideals that formed the groundwork and inspiration of his vagaries. Innumerable coxcombs have vanquished him, as they vanquished Berkeley, "with a grin"; and by most latter-day readers, we fear, the "tedious archangel" of Concord is vaguely conceived of as a phenomenally windy and impractical old gentleman, the author of certain Utopian social experiments, whose function upon this earth was largely the utterance of an infinite deal of mellifluously-worded nothing. Alcott, like all men of his kind, was the target of much cheap wit, because the multitude, composed largely of Sancho Panzas, noted the enormous disparity between his fine ideals and the world in which he tried to apply them — though such disparities, soberly regarded, may well occasion more sorrow than laughter.

Mr. Sanborn's account of Alcott's early life is interesting and circumstantial. Four years of it were spent in peddling—an occupation that was no bad preparation, by the way, for the future peripatetic philosopher. Living in the vicinity of New Haven, young Alcott had naturally thought of entering Yale College, but the *res angusta domi*, and something perhaps in his own nature averse to the routine of what was then called education, rendered this desire unattainable. Instead of taking a college course, therefore, he set out in 1818, accompanied by a younger brother, on a peddling trip to Virginia and Carolina, where, observes our author rather irreverently, "he had many adventures, and acquired what was to him, no doubt, better than four years spent in Yale College." The Connecticut peddler's outfit was composed, says President Dwight, of tinware, pins, needles, scissors, combs, buttons, children's books, cotton stuffs, etc., including, we presume, the due degree of Yankee "cuteness" and assurance. Writing to his mother, in 1820, of the general nature of these early expeditions, Alcott says:

> "With our two trunks in our hands, toting them by our sides, we travel through the country, entering the rich and poor man's house alike, exposing and offering our articles for sale. Father and mother, how do you think we look? Like two awkward, poor, unpolished, dissipated, begging, tugging Yankee peddlers, think you? No, —this is not the case with your sons. By people of breeding and respectability, they are treated with politeness and gentility; and if they are sometimes treated with contempt by the low, vulgar class of the community, it is then not worth minding. For my part, I can make peddling in Virginia as respectable as any other business. I take much pleasure in travelling, and in conversing with the Virginians,—observing their different habits, manners, customs, etc.; and I am conscious that it is of great advantage to me in many points of view."

The comparatively elegant and courtly life of these plantation houses was the first school of fine manners in which Alcott was trained, and he certainly did not neglect his opportunity. Thomas Cholmondely, a Shropshire gentleman and Oxford scholar, meeting him in 1854, and hearing the story of his early farm life and his pilgrimages as a peddler, could scarcely believe it true. "Why," said he, "your friend has the most distinguished manners, — the manners of a very great peer." "Our Alcott," wrote Emerson in a similar vein, in 1861, "has only just missed being a seraph. A little English finish and articulation to his potencies, — and he would have compared with the greatest." The glimpses of the roughly-luxurious plantation life and contact with the idle Virginian squirearchy were not, however, of unmixed benefit to the youth from the "land of steady habits"; and he

* A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy. By F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris. In two volumes, with portraits. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

seems to have fallen, during the last year or so of his peddlerhood, if not into positively evil, at least into unthrifty courses. Business was carried on at a loss, and we read of debts incurred, of vanities unbecoming the future ascetic of "Fruitlands," of notes endorsed by the already debt-burdened father at home, and so on. In short, the course of peddling ran anything but smoothly, and the young spendthrift writes in his diary, debonairly, yet not, probably, without certain twinges of his New England conscience:

"I purchase a costly suit of clothes, the best in Broadway, and wear the same, to the surprise of my townspeople and the chagrin of my father and my cousin William, to Spindle Hill, where I arrive in July. Read Thomson's 'Seasons,' and journalize in the spirit of this period of gayety and extravagance. Now begin to write my name 'Alcott' instead of 'Alcox' as my father wrote his; the old spelling being 'Alcock,' and so my grandfather wrote, and some of my uncles still."

The summer of 1821, says Mr. Sanborn, was spent in frivolous pursuits at Wolcott, — displaying the fine wardrobe and paying court to the maidens of that rural neighborhood. Nor was the Muse neglected; and we find some hints of the follies of these *Flegeljahre* in Alcott's poetic autobiography:

"In these plain households, startling the surprise
At such unheard magnificence of dress,—
Are these our peddlers here before our eyes,
These handsome fellows with such soft address?
Black coat? and white cravat of daintiest tie?
Crimped ruffles, gleaming amethystine pin?
Vest of Marseilles o'er trousers of drab dye,
Gold seal at watch-fob, jewelled watch within?
Shall this gay youth his soberer cousin see,
Or journal write? his mirror sees him more.
Not an accomplished coxcomb yet is he,
But far less bashful than he was before."

Bronson Alcott has been charged by the irreverent with an undue share of vanity, but it is certainly not as a dandy or macaroni that the world has been used to regard him.

In November, 1825, Alcott obtained the post of village schoolmaster in Cheshire, and began a course of school reform, such as has not been seen before or since in New England. Says our author:

"He anticipated most of the changes afterwards wrought by Horace Mann and others in the public school system; and without any intimate knowledge of what had been done by Pestalozzi in Switzerland, he followed the same ideal path, and accomplished similar results in his small field of action."

The Connecticut public schools were at that time in a very low condition, exciting a sort of contempt even among the learned; one "college professor," cited by Alcott, going so far as to say that the income of the school fund, instead of being applied, as the law directed, to common schools, ought to be used "for better purposes," —a dictum reminding one of the worthy deacon who, alluding to the spread of the Universalist doctrine, announced one evening in prayer-meeting: "Brethren, we have heerd a stran-nge doctrine preached in these parts lately, that all men are finally to be saved; but, brethren, we hope for better things." Bronson Alcott, also hoping for better things, and holding that all children were finally to be saved by education, inaugurated a series of vigorous innovations upon the cut-and-dried methods of the Connecticut "Bradley Headstones." We cannot dwell here upon Mr. Sanborn's account of the Cheshire school and its ultimate failure — which it is difficult to account for on any more charitable ground than the stupidity or wrongheadedness of the community that should have been glad to support it. A more important enterprise was the famous Temple School in Boston; and we shall preface our brief notice of it by giving what seems to us to be in the main an abstract of Alcott's career as a teacher. Broadly speaking, the story of his educational views and methods shows a gradual declension from a great deal of good sense slightly tinctured with mysticism, to a great deal of mysticism slightly tinctured with good sense. At the Cheshire school, and during the earlier years at the Temple, the "innovations" which so shocked the orthodox consisted mainly in treating the children with affection instead of severity, in making them physically comfortable, in surrounding them with agreeable and stimulating objects, and in forcing them, by a sort of Socratic method of close questioning, to think for themselves and to avoid what the discerning teacher called "parrotry." There seems to be nothing very incendiary in all this. But as time went on, and as Alcott read deeper and deeper in his favorite Plotinus, and Proclus, and Jacob Boehme, and the Platonic myths, his natural appetite for mysticism and all sorts of *Schwärmerei* grew inordinately by what it fed on, until at last the Temple School offered its patrons the astonishing spectacle of a teacher employing the Socratic method, not with the view of developing and exercising the infantile mind, but of extracting therefrom, for the behoof of the adult world, something in the nature of Platonic reminiscences of a celestial anterior existence. Emerson wrote:

"He believes that from a circle of twenty well-selected children he could draw in their conversation everything that is in Plato, and as much better in form than it is in Plato as the passages I read him in the Heimskringla are than Bancroft."

Admitting the fact that the children in question were Boston children, and that therefore they may be supposed to have left their supernal home, trailing clouds of unusual glory, it is difficult to take Alcott seriously on this point. Wordsworth, doubtless, in his famous ode, adopted the Platonic view simply as a thesis beautiful in itself and suitable for poetic development; and a kindred motive may have been at the root of Alcott's "belief." The idea of the child bringing into the world celestial memories of an anterior existence was eminently favorable to the high-sailing, rather intangible sort of eloquence, in which the "tedious archangel" easily surpassed his most transcendental contemporaries. The tenet in question was, of course, contrary to the current theology; but in points of doctrine Alcott was then wandering far from the followers of Augustine, the New England Calvinists, and even from the Unitarians, with whom he was still nominally associated; and it was this variation from received tradition, Mr. Sanborn thinks, "which really wrecked the Temple School, in the opinion of Boston." We suspect that a not unreasonable misgiving as to the practical results of Alcott's class-room methods had something to do with it.

The Temple School began, with thirty pupils, in 1834. It fell to ten pupils in the spring of 1837, and after lingering along for a year or two, with one or more changes of place, was finally given up in 1839. The immediate occasion of closing it was the unwillingness of its patrons to have their children educated in the same room with a colored child, who had been admitted in 1838. When the school was opened Alcott spared no pains to make it a cheerful and comfortable place — one to invite the children instead of repelling them. Paintings, busts, books, and not inelegant furniture, were deemed important. Alcott wrote in his diary:

"I wish to fill every form that addresses the senses with significance and life, so that whatever is seen, said, or done shall picture ideal beauty and perfection; thus placing the child in a scene of tranquil repose and spiritual loveliness. I would bring external circumstances into harmony with that serenity of spirit and vivacity of portraiture which are the native attributes of unspoiled childhood,— planting, as it were, a prop around which its tendrils may fasten, and thus lift its aspiring energies to the skies."

There is so much that is beautiful and admirable in Alcott's early ideals and methods that one regrets the more his later vagaries. Pupils increased, visitors thronged the attractive schoolroom, and the first year passed without censure or blame. It was soon found that, with all his mildness, the teacher was very strict. Absolute silence and attention were required of the pupils, and any infringement of this rule would arrest Alcott's reading, "and he would wait, however long, until attention was restored."

"There was some correction, but in every individual instance it was granted as necessary, not only by the whole school, but by the individual himself. Sometimes the innocent suffered with the guilty. Mr. Alcott wished both parties to feel that this was the inevitable consequence of moral evil in this world; and that the good, in proportion to the depth of their principle, feel it to be worth while to share the sufferings, in order to bring the guilty to rectitude."

Such was Alcott's inflexible habit of living up to his principles, that he sometimes carried this doctrine so far as to require the offending pupil *to punish him*—an exemplification, we fear, rather more striking than edifying. Mr. Sanborn devotes a good deal of space to this interesting and typical chapter in Alcott's life. It was really the introduction to his long career as a public agitator and reformer, and is closely connected with his interest in the abolition of slavery, and his share in the outburst of "Transcendentalism" in New England.

Through the advice and with the aid of his friends, Alcott took passage for England, May 7, 1842, bearing letters of introduction to many prominent people, among them a warmly commendatory one from Emerson to Carlyle. With Carlyle, to whom he was thoroughly antipathetic, he had no good fortune, the Chelsea philosopher scarcely, as it seems, treating him civilly in their actual intercourse. Emerson had commended his *protégé*, "hoping to atone, by his great nature, for many smaller ones that have craved to see you," and Carlyle replied with one of those sketches in which truth seems struggling with exaggeration:

"Directly about the time of Sterling's departure came Alcott, some two weeks after I had heard of his arrival on these shores. He has been twice here, at considerable length; the second time all night. He is a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man, of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity, withal, which in many ways appeals to one. The good Alcott; with his long lean face and figure, with his gray worn temples and mild radiant eyes; all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; he comes before one like a venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can laugh at without loving."

Alcott himself used to tell good-humoredly of his meeting with Carlyle, who greeted him with: "And so ye've come over to teach John Bull your dom'd potato gospel! I think John

Bull will do very well on his roast bafe. And I think ye'd better go home!"

Alcott returned from England in October, 1842, bringing with him Charles and William Lane, the three friends proposing to select a spot in the new world whereon —

"A new Eden may be planted, and man may, untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and all external natures."

The "new Eden" was, of course, to be the now historic "Fruitlands"; and the tragi-comic story of that ill-starred community need not be detailed here. Laughter at the vagaries of the founder should be tempered with reverence for the fine enthusiasm, the high purpose, at the heart of them. Emerson, always alive to the humors of his friend's character, wrote at that time:

"Alcott and Lane are always feeling of their shoulders, to find if their wings are sprouting; but next best to wings are cowhide boots, which society is always advising them to put on."

But he did not forget to add:

"It is really Alcott's distinction that, rejoicing or desponding, this man always trusts his principle, whilst all vulgar reformers rely on the arm of money and the law."

Certain details of the "Fruitlands" *régime*, for which Alcott was responsible, may well excite, and have excited, doubts as to his sanity. For instance, his Hudibrastic distinction between fruits and vegetables, such as wheat and apples, which "aspired" or grew upward, and those which, like potatoes, beets, and radishes, grew downward. The latter he would not allow to be used. He forbade the use of manure in cultivating the land, holding this a corrupt and unjust mode of forcing Nature. The bread of the community he made with his own hands out of unbolted flour, seeking to render it more palatable "*by forming the loaves into the shape of animals and other pleasant images.*" No animal substance was allowed to be used at "Fruitlands," flesh, fish, butter, cheese, eggs, milk, etc., being denounced as "pollution," and as tending to corrupt the body and through that the soul. No wonder that the members of the community nearly starved to death, and they certainly might have done so had they not "furtively gone among the surrounding farmers and begged for food." The unhappy Alcott himself, when "Fruitlands" finally collapsed, was on the point of dying from grief and abstinence, "when his wife prevailed on him to continue longer in this ungrateful world."

Dr. Tuke, commenting on this singular community, in his last great work on insanity, says:

"Was Alcott insane? That such a man should induce others to imitate him and form a community, would astonish us, were it not an oft-repeated fact in history. Other persons passed through very similar phases about the same period. I find no evidence whatever of mental disease, and regard such things as illustrations of peculiar psychical constitutions, which under remarkable upheavals of religious thought fell into eccentric courses, but did not become insane. A cold winter was the means of converting Mr. Alcott to ordinary notions of the world in regard to dress, and his following appears to have quickly dissolved."

Dr. Harris's chapter on the Alcottian philosophy is interesting and scholarly—well worth perusal aside from its bearing on the central theme. No better expositor of Mr. Alcott's peculiar "system" could have been found. He has traced its historical sources and affiliations, and pointed out its central thought (the pre-existence of the soul, and its lapse as the origin of nature), thus furnishing a clew by which the reader may wander not altogether blindly and unprofitably through the "Orphic" labyrinth. Of the moral qualities and social virtues of Alcott too much can scarcely be said in praise. Emerson might well have said of him, as he did say of Sumner, and as Burnet said of Sir Isaac Newton, "He had the whitest soul I ever knew." But as a philosopher he was a survival, a belated dreamer still clinging to the old faith in the ability of humanity to rid itself of its own shadow. He was of the spiritual kindred of Proclus and Plotinus; and, in the words of Lowell,—

"Had he but lived in Plato's day,
He might, unless my fancy errs,
Have shared that golden voice's sway
O'er barefooted philosophers."

E. G. J.

Unwholesome Psychology.*

The work entitled "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" is at once an outcome and an index of the widespread interest in matters psychological, fostered preëminently by the Societies for Psychical Research. If, however, we neglect the modern phraseology and the references to recent experiments, it is not difficult to imagine the author's doctrines and arguments presented to us in a worn binding on faded paper, in old-fashioned type; indeed, to anyone familiar with the history of the by-paths of science, the tone of novelty assumed by the author for his views seems particularly out of place.

*The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomas Jay Hudson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.

The "law of psychic phenomena" postulates that "man has two minds, a subjective and an objective mind"; that "the subjective mind is constantly amenable to control by suggestion," and that "the subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning." These three propositions form a law, comparable in importance to that of Newton, by which all phenomena in the realm of mind, "whether designated by the name of hypnotism, mesmerism, somnambulism, trance, spiritism, demonology, miracle, psycho-therapeutics, genius, or insanity," find an interpretation and an explanation.

At the outset it must be plainly said that this announcement does great wrong to the cause of psychology. For the dictum as applied has reference to but a small portion of the field of modern psychology; it does not bear upon such laws — to select almost at random—as the law of contrast of sensations, the law of practice and fatigue, the psychophysic law, the laws of association, and many other important lines of psychological investigation. With equal correctness might any one of these laws be heralded as *the* law of psychic phenomena.

The book does not deal comprehensively, as the title suggests, with the phenomena of psychology, but mainly with the more obscure portion of a class of phenomena somewhat unfortunately termed "Psychic Research." And within this limited field we find treated with exaggerated importance a variety of discredited stories and experiments, and too often little more. Any mental process, or any happening not quite everyday and normal in its character, is endowed with special significance, and is at once attributed to the workings of the "subjective mind." The subjective mind "takes cognizance of its environment by means independent of the senses"; the subjective mind holds the key to "suggestion," and thus appears in and explains hypnotism; "mind-reading is the communication of two subjective minds"; the subjective mind telepaths with the greatest facility, is possessed of clairvoyance and clairaudience, communicates with the dead and leaves its influence upon the haunts of the living, — in brief, transports itself so wonderfully and so differently from the order of mind with which common mortals are endowed, that it leads one to question the utility and practicability of this great law. Surely it seems a simple word to conjure by,—"subjective." It reminds one of the little boy who went to his mother full of wonder regarding the workings of a watch, and after turning away with great dissatisfaction from her painstaking explanations, took the problem to his father: "Oh, it goes by a complicated, internal contrivance," — and the four-year-old went his way completely satisfied. Such is the power of words!

No attempt can here be made to follow the author in the ramifications of this law, through his many chapters. We are repelled from such a task by the continued uncritical acceptance of every uncanny experience, a constant lack of appreciation of the true significance of the scientific studies of such phenomena as hypnotism, the repeated jumbling together of facts and views concerning which clear and exact discrimination is the foremost desideratum, and a continued return to obsolete and unscientific explanations of phenomena which by great expenditure of energy have at last become in some measure scientifically recognized.

Indeed, the main reason for noticing this volume at all is a deference to the influence it seems likely to exert upon the reading public. The confusion of terms, the ignoring of important lines of modern psychology, the distortion of truly scientific results within the field treated, are certain to have pernicious effects. One cannot take the kingdom of any science by storm; the onward progress of knowledge is slow and the path tortuous, the gains uncertain, the need of vigorous effort and infinite drudgery continuous. Particularly is the course of psychology beset with pitfalls of many kinds and in many places. It is because this volume, appearing at a time when the public is in a particularly receptive mood on such topics, seems quite certain to foster an unwholesome mental attitude and an undesirable, semi-morbid interest, that the unpleasant necessity of opposing its influence presents itself.

One fundamental defect of the volume is a logical one. An author who admits "the possibility of every phenomenon alleged by any respectable number of reputable witnesses to have occured"; one who leaves "to those who are skeptical, or who think they are skeptical rather than ignorant, the task of investigating, after the ponderous and elaborate methods of the scientists, phenomena which can be verified beyond the possible shadow of a doubt, by the exercise of a little common-sense"; one whose views of the relation of theory to practice, and of the doctrine of probabilities, are so opposed to those by which modern science proceeds, can hardly be considered a safe guide in matters so treacherous and abstruse. At times

the most charitable view of the author's pages would seem to be that his subjective mind has contributed to the result which, according to the law, is "incapable of inductive reasoning."

As Professor Tyndall has aptly observed, such a mental attitude cannot be refuted; it can only be outgrown or replaced. The surest antidote is a rigid training in the logic of science, a familiarity with the history of the progress of thought, a wholesome schooling of the powers of judgment and of thought perspective.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

University of Wisconsin.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.*

To a true lover of one's country, it must bring sad thoughts when he can turn to no living national literature, when he can boast of no masterpieces except those of the past. Such is the position of Scotchmen to-day. The cities and the upper classes have been largely Anglicized. The Scotland of Lord Cockburn's Memoirs, with its Scotch-speaking Judges of Sessions and its ladies of rank, entirely Scotch both in language and habits, is gone. Well-marked national peculiarities are now to be found principally in the remoter and quieter rural districts, and in the lower classes of society. Sir Walter Scott was the last great figure in Scottish literature, and the changes which have passed over the country since he wrote have made another Scott forever impossible. But up to that time, Scotland had had a distinctively national literature, and one well worth considering, although so seldom receiving attention apart from English literature.

The work of Professor Walker called "Three Centuries of Scottish Literature," and dealing with the period which began with Sir David Lindsay (1490–1557) and ended with Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), therefore fulfils a mission hitherto scarcely attempted. Its two volumes are of nearly equal size, the first dealing with the period from the Scottish Reformation to the union of the crowns of Scotland and England, the second beginning with that union and extending to the death of Scott. The most interesting features of the first period are its ballads and songs. In poetic merit, the Scottish ballads outrank the English. Their subjects are almost as various as the interests of humanity. The wars between England and Scotland, clan-feuds, moss-trooping raids, captures and rescues, are all in turn the theme of the minstrel. All the stronger passions — love, hatred, jealousy, revenge — become likewise the subject of poetical treatment. Although there is a general community of spirit among the separate ballads, they cannot be unified and are seldom to be regarded as continuations one of another. There nowhere exists among the ballads of Scotland such a series of connected pieces as even the English ballads of Robin Hood, much less a series of ballads which exhibit unity of composition. Popular poetry in Scotland showed no tendency to develop into the epic; if the Homeric poems are to be looked upon as ballads woven together, there is no corresponding phenomenon to be found in this country.

Nevertheless, the old ballads of Scotland are particularly rich in poetic beauties. The ballad-makers, by the sheer force of simplicity and truth, succeeded in picturing nature when more ambitious literary artists failed. As they lived in an atmosphere of rude chivalry, there shines through their strange and faulty code of morals the constant light of high and generous thoughts, dauntless courage, fidelity in friendship, and at times even sympathy with the weak and generosity to enemies; in short, all the characteristic virtues of a strong race slowly rising through troublous times to a more refined civilization. Take, for example, the closing lines of a ballad of which the story was one of barbarous cruelty. A lady is shut up with her children in a castle and there burned to death. But in the description of the fate of the daughter the poet has the skill to turn cruelty into pathos:

"O then bespake her daughter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma',
'O row me in a pair of sheits,
And tow me ower the wa'.'

"They rowd her in a pair of sheits,
And towd her ower the wa';
But, on the point of Edom's speir,
She gat a deadly fa'.

"O bonny, bonny was hir mouth,
And chirry were hir cheiks,
And cleir, cleir was hir yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreips.

"Then wi' the speir he turn'd hir ower,
O gin hir face was wan!
He said, 'Zow are the first that e'er
I wisht alive again!'

"He turn'd her ower and ower again;
O gin hir skin was whyte!
He said, 'I might ha spard thy life,
To been some man's delyte.'"

* THREE CENTURIES OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE. By Hugh Walker, M.A., Professor of English in St. David's College, Lampeter. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The relation between the ballads of Scotland and its songs is a very intimate one. The distinction between these similar forms of poetical expression is well defined by Professor Walker:

"The true ballad always takes the form of a narrative, and this is one of the points in which it differs from the song. The song is primarily the expression of sentiment. The singer is the centre of his own verse, and, if facts are introduced, they are subsidiary; but in the ballad the minstrel is merely the medium for giving poetic expression to some outward fact or event. His reflections, therefore, if any, must be subordinate to the narrative."

As might be expected, love is very frequently the singer's theme. Aspiration, hesitancy, success, the praise of the maiden's charms or of the youth's strength and courage, the pleasures of reunion, and the wail of the betrayed and forsaken, are some of the favorite variations. Pastoral songs, as in England, were popular, but unlike English pastorals they were not founded on classical models; it is no artificial Arcadia which they picture, but the actual life of Scottish shepherds and husbandmen. Here is a beautiful fragment relating to the milking of the ewes in the pens, an occupation known as "ewe-buchtin":

"O, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn;
While we're milking, they're lilting, baith pleasant and clear,
But my heart's like to break when I think of my dear.

"O, the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn;
On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free,
But alas, my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee."

During the seventeenth century, the native literature of Scotland, especially its poetry, suffered a long and disastrous eclipse. It was a period full of petty quarrels. Not only was the country shaken by the great civil struggle which convulsed England as well, but it was distracted also to a degree which England never experienced by religious differences. The mutual hatred of sects drained the strength of the nation. But in the eighteenth century the Scotch writers of the English language were instrumental in bringing about important changes in its literature. They carried with them to England, or retained in their Scottish surroundings, characteristics of their own, and proved, alike by the subjects they chose, the measures they affected, and their style of treatment, that they were, if they were not themselves original, the scholars of masters so different from those generally followed as to give them the influence of originality. Thomson in his "Seasons," Ramsay in his vernacular poems, besides a group of lesser men, were powerful factors in that "return to nature" which marked the close of the eighteenth century. Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott are of course the great lights of the closing portion of Professor Walker's "Three Centuries." His discussion of them is able and interesting, but Scott and Burns are subjects on which it is difficult to say anything which has not been already better said. But the work, as a whole, is a very happy accession to the history of literature.

ANNA B. MCMAHAN.

AMERICAN TYPES OF ANIMAL LIFE.*

Professor St. George Mivart, who is an English anatomist of wide fame, has written a book in a popular and very readable style, which, without being dry or tiresome, touches on many anatomical themes suggested by types of animal life. The work is the exact opposite of the numerous books of the type of Sir Henry Baker's "Wild Beasts and Their Ways," which present us with pictures of the hunting, capture, and destruction of the larger mammals and other prey of that most relentless exterminator called the sportsman. The reader at all fond of zoölogical science searches almost in vain in such works for information of the animals and their habits and structure, and gets, instead, discussions of the relative values of guns. On the other hand, one who reads Professor Mivart's "American Types of Animal Life" will find in it no descriptions of the chase, that survival of our race's barbaric history. The types here serve as a nucleus for a clustering mass of facts which, though properly of anatomical import, are conveyed in so clear and non-technical a style as to be easily in the range of the least professional reader. A list of the types treated will most directly exhibit the scope of the work. They form twelve chapters, of 336 pages and 103 illustrations, on the monkey, the opossum, the turkey, the bull-frog, the rattlesnake, the bat, the bison, the raccoon, the sea-lion, the sloth, the whales, and a last chapter on other beasts, devoted to such oddities as lemurs, prairie dogs, mole rats, jerboas, porcupines. The chapter on the opossum, for example, touches, among other things, on the presence of that strangely isolated creature in America; on the interesting history

* AMERICAN TYPES OF ANIMAL LIFE. By St. George Mivart. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

of the discovery of the marsupials and their relation to the opossum; and on the curious parallelism of both habit, and to some extent structure, between some of the marsupials and some of the orders of placental mammals. These are instanced in the comparison between the wombats and the marmots, the Tasmanian wolf and our cats, the phascogale and our insect-eaters, the kangaroo and the antelope. Professor Mivart concludes that these analogies exemplify the independent origin of similar structures, a proposition also brought out in his discussion of the Asiatic versus the South American monkeys. In his chapter on the turkey, in a passage of several pages the writer works over the extremely interesting question of the adaptations of structure in the bird's body to so very exacting a mode of life as flight. After speaking of the flight of a falcon, of 1350 miles in one day, he mentions a number of points in which the structure of the bird is adapted to life in so fluid a medium as air. "The various organs are so packed and arranged as to make the centre of gravity fall where it can be best sustained, and so constructed as to produce the greatest strength and warmth with the least weight. Among such adaptations we may mention the feathers and their power to retain heat; the bones, their strength and lightness, due to the presence of air instead of marrow in their cavities, and their almost papery texture; the location of the wing muscles in the breast, whose opposed actions result from tendons variously bent over the rounded pulley surfaces of the bones; the scheme of respiration and circulation, as perfect as those of mammals; the reduction of bony structure of the arms, so as to bring their weight near the centre (the same point can be made of the tail); the assumption on the part of the bill of the prehensile function thus lost to the hand, and the correlated mobility of the elongated neck; the centralization of the muscles of the leg, and their operation on the toes through the long tendons of the drumstick."

Professor Mivart says at the outset that he is not intending to bother his readers with the Darwinian controversy, and to a great extent he keeps his promise; but there are several places where that most lively topic is necessarily raised, because of the anatomical facts that are being considered. But the book is not in the least of a controversial nature, nor yet is it dogmatic. The topics of an evolutionary character, when noticed, are examined candidly from both sides.

A word ought to be said for the illustrations. They are line drawings with the pen, and many are very fine examples of this art. There are no anatomical drawings, all being full views of the living animal. Very few of the pictures, however, depict the natural surroundings of the subject. It is to be regretted that this important feature of zoölogical illustration has been omitted — a feature that receives such notable attention in Brehm's great work on Animal Life. The paper, binding, and print of the volume are of the highest order of merit. We cannot, however, wholly approve of the introduction on the cover-stamp of a series of feet in which the artiodactyl and the perissodactyl types are made successive. This arrangement seems to imply that the line of descent would be from the rhinoceros through *Bos* to *Equus;* and this is a sort of misconception that, like the notion that mammals are the descendants of birds, or amphibia of teleosts, has been fruitful of error. The work is one of a too small class. The vast public of lay readers does not often have a chance to come so near to the living problems of zoölogical science in a strictly popular work as they do in this interesting work by Professor Mivart.

HENRY L. OSBORN.

Hamline University.

INTERPRETATIONS OF FAITH.*

The larger share of the works now published on themes of faith are critical and apologetic. The courses of religious lectures so widely established have tended very decisively to this result. It is one which shows great vitality, both in the aggressive ideas of our time, and in the reconstructive power of religious belief under them. The movement is wholesome and promising.

The most one can do, in a brief notice of such works, is to indicate to the reader what position,

*THE GOSPEL OF PAUL. By Charles Carroll Everett, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PRESENT-DAY THEOLOGY. By Lewis French Stearns, late Professor of Christian Theology in Bangor Theological Seminary. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SURVIVALS IN CHRISTIANITY. Special lectures delivered before the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. By Charles James Wood. New York: Macmillan & Co.

PRIMARY CONVICTIONS. By William Alexander, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE PLACE OF CHRIST IN MODERN THEOLOGY. By A. M. Fairbain, M.A., D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

in this reconciliation of the old and the new, each author occupies, and the degree of power with which he maintains his ground. On the one side, there is the extreme attitude of those who believe that all events are under the control of forces thoroughly conditioned in the past and present, and that the development incident to their unfolding admits of no really new term. This view leaves no footing — certainly no consistent and adequate footing — for faith. Over against this absolute naturalism is a supernaturalism equally extreme. Our spiritual life, our salvation, is ascribed to a divine intervention by which results not at all included in the natural flow of events, in opposition rather to it, are achieved. Religion thus becomes something lifted quite off the plane of systematic development, and in no way involved in it. The midway point of reconciliation is found in assigning to nature, both on its physical and spiritual side, that continuous and creative movement which is now associated in science with evolution, and adding thereto, as the inner life of all, a spiritual presence to which real increments and guiding power are as normal as are fixed terms and coherent law. The centre of theological thought is being shifted from spasmodic supernatural grace to an ever-real, ever-unfolding love; and the change of position is as great as when in astronomy the heliocentric displaced the geocentric system. To be invited to enter by the open doors of nature and revelation into the presence of spiritual entities and spiritual laws—most eternal of eternal things, most comprehensive of comprehensive things—is a very diverse invitation from being urged to entertain a somewhat fanciful view of the origin and nature of sin, itself made a centre of thought to which the character, personality, and action of God subject themselves in a systematic theology. This is to restore the cycles and epicyles of Ptolemy, not to allow the simpler, wider, more adequate revelations of faith in Supreme Reason to have way.

The books before us are all geocentric; the theological construction is dominant, though they all feel in different degrees the loosening force of larger ideas. The author of "The Gospel of Paul" has assigned himself a difficult task, and one not very grateful. He has undertaken to displace a restricted but familiar interpretation of the words of Paul, expounding the work of Christ, by a second interpretation, unfamiliar and equally narrow. The marked ability and erudition of the author will hardly suffice him for so laborious an undertaking. Rejecting the sacrificial idea, he replaces it with that of ceremonial uncleanness, attendant on crucifixion. The key of the author's rendering is found in Gal. 3; 13: "Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Christ abrogated the ceremonial law by being cast out of its pale. "We go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." The view of the author encounters for us precisely the same kind of difficulties which belong to the one displaced by it. It proceeds on the supposition that Paul entertained a clear, constant, adequate view of the atonement, which is to be reached, among the various images current with him, by a careful selection of the ruling idea, and a subordination to it of all other suggestions. We do not thus interpret the atonement by the intrinsic, universal moral force of the facts involved in it, and expound the language of Paul by his insight into these principles as modified by current convictions and by the modes of expression then open to religious truth. We are carried away by the abiding force of ideas to a subtle exegesis of words, with a great reduction in value of whatever conclusions we may reach. To my mind, at least, there underlies a discussion like this a narrow view of the supernatural. The revelation to St. Paul loses its personal and national limitations, and is made to assume an absolute value. We are not dealing with universal truth, forever finding access to all minds in new and more adequate ways, but with certain convictions of St. Paul made more narrow and personal than they really were, and regarded as more final and authoritative than they were ever intended to be.

The second volume is, in a sense, memorial. It opens with a brief sketch of the life of Professor L. F. Stearns, and closes with a paper given by him at the International Congregational Council. The body of the book is made up of a comparatively complete and systematic statement of belief, left by him at his death. It is a popular discussion of leading doctrines, in the sense that it is addressed to the intelligent general reader rather than to the technical student. Professor Stearns was a very able and lovable man, and his statement of beliefs has very considerable representative power on the side of liberal Congregationalism. The style is clear and forcible, and one glides with ease and pleasure into the vigorous thought. The volume is quite complete in the themes

discussed, and one will not readily find elsewhere more of the improved critical temper of our times without any radical change of accepted centres. As Spring softens the buds of the vigorous plant, fills its channels with sap, and awakens a vital force that has not yet broken existing bounds, so the thoughts of this fresh student of religious truth responded, through the entire circle of faith, to the awakened forces of growing knowledge. A gentle movement of the kaleidoscope causes its lines of inner construction to waver and then occasions some slight readjustment. It is not till it is made to rest on another face, that the old relations are broken up, and the familiar elements of form and color take on a new and beautiful order.

"Survivals in Christianity" belongs to those books concerning which one would be glad to be excused from expressing an opinion, so difficult is it to express a wise one, and one that shall not make an unfair impression. It is a work in which insight has the upper-hand of constructive power. The mind of the author does not move like the bee, laden with honey, straight to the hive, but like the butterfly, finding honey here and there and everywhere. Wide reading and quick insight fill the mind with suggestions, and these it flings out with a prodigality that soon becomes confusion. The title is a misnomer. "Survivals" are at most but an incident of the themes pursued, not the theme itself. The topics considered are the idea of God, the church, forgiveness of sin, the resurrection, and eternal life. These have no close cohesion among themselves, nor is the presentation characterized by any firmness of method. Indeed, one suspects that the author entertains a certain spite at method. This fact being cheerfully accepted, — and many readers will cheerfully accept it, — considerable insight and much enthusiasm of spiritual sentiment will reward the perusal.

"Primary Convictions" is also a work which does not quite correspond to the expectation awakened by the title. Nine primary convictions, treated in as many chapters, — corresponding largely to lectures delivered on a foundation established in behalf of the evidences of Christianity, — give rise to the anticipation of a philosophical treatment of the fundamental ideas on which faith rests. The facts are quite different. Doctrinal themes, suggested by the Apostolic and Nicene creeds and by Scripture, are treated in a way which would be in keeping with a church festival. The underlying force of the discussion is emotional. As, however, the style is somewhat florid, the expression loses that directness which makes it the best medium of deep feeling, and the feeling misses the conviction that always attaches to perfectly simple and sincere utterance.

"The Place of Christ in Modern Theology" is a work wrought out very thoroughly and thoughtfully. The first half is a historic discussion of the leading lines of conception and criticism in connection with Christ from the beginning until now. The last half is a correspondingly full statement of the doctrines of faith, as conceived by the author, which centre in Christ. While the subject suggested by the title is the ruling idea, the treatment is everywhere comprehensive. The work presents the conclusions of an able and devout mind, widely open to historic criticism on the central and substantial doctrines of Christian faith as they are now present with us. This book, like the volume of Professor Stearns, shows the liberalizing and expanding processes to which faith has been subjected, without disclosing any essential disintegration. The knowledge, ability, and liberality of the author unite to make the work interesting and valuable. The writer greatly reduces the harsh, and harshly accentuated, doctrines of faith, — such as those which make the atonement a judicial process, with none of the dignity, definiteness, distinctness, of an act of judgment. Yet he does not commit himself to pure moral forces, lying like light over all spiritual phenomena, and receiving every affection, every personal relation, between man and man, man and God, as the breaking out of ineffable color from the very heart of revelation. Earlier doctrinal definitions have been like an imperfect chromatic image, due to the defects of the instrument used. There has been a steady reduction of these imperfections, but our author still yields — in the character he attaches to sin and redemption — a fringe of the old disguising colors, and shows himself not yet fully ready for simply white light.

None of these authors quite disclose a spiritual universe, a heliocentric universe, rejoicing in the revelation of Pure Reason in its ethical, personal form.

JOHN BASCOM.

Williams College.

M. PHILIPPE BERGER has been appointed Renan's successor as Professor of Hebrew at the Collège de France. M. Berger, who is a Protestant, prepared for the press Renan's posthumous volume on the history of the Israelites.

Briefs on New Books.

Education in the Middle Ages.

The largest and by far the most generally interesting of the volumes thus far issued in the "Great Educators" series (Scribner) is "Abelard and the Origin and Early History of Universities," by Gabriel Compayré. The work is divided into four parts, namely:—"The Origin of the Universities," "The Organization of the Early Universities," "The Course of Study and the Methods of Teaching," "General Spirit and Influence of the Early Universities." The man Abelard occupies a very small space as to pages in the present volume, since he died sixty years before the University of Paris was formally constituted; but he is shown to deserve a large place of honor, inasmuch as he was the true founder of this first of the universities. Most of the others took this one for their model and prototype, and it is a highly interesting process to study their organization, and discover the features, good and bad, which can be directly traced to them in our modern systems of education. Examinations and degrees were the invention of the Middle Ages; Greek and Roman antiquity are without trace of any test of capacity, are without any conditions whatsoever imposed on anyone desiring to teach. The student of to-day, groaning under the multiplicity of his examinations, the applicant whose fate depends upon the result of a more or less (generally less) sensible competition, may hold the universities of the Middle Ages responsible, for they were the first culprits. Perhaps nothing is more curious than a chapter showing the unfavorable attitude of the Middle Ages toward medical studies, especially surgery. As late as 1600, surgeons were still excluded from the degrees of the faculty of medicine, or were admitted to them only on swearing that they would not practice surgery thereafter. The study of first importance, the supreme science of which the others could not be more than the respectful handmaidens, was theology! In theology, therefore, a far more prolonged study was required than in any other branch of knowledge. One could be a master of arts at twenty-one; a doctor of law or of medicine at twenty-six or twenty-seven; but a doctorate of theology could not be obtained before completing the thirty-fifth year. Truly, has not Petrarch's prophecy come to pass? "Look at these men who spend their whole life in altercations, sophistical subtleties, in incessantly turning their brains upside down in order to solve empty little questions, and accept as true my prophecy concerning their future; their reputation will pass away with their existence, and the same sepulchre will suffice to enshroud their names and their bones."

Goethe and the Modern Art-spirit.

Mr. William M. Bryant, in his monograph called "Goethe, Representative of the Modern Art-Spirit" (Riverside Publishing Co., St. Louis), has given us a luminous and suggestive study of "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Iphigenia," and the "Helena" in the second part of "Faust." The first part of "Faust" has become one of those representations of its theme which are accepted as final, one of the pictures which the world hangs up in the small and precious gallery where are those expressions which are as permanent as thought itself. The second part, however, has been called by Matthew Arnold a "mystification," and a mystification has certainly no claim to the name of art-product at all. We are learning very rapidly that the mystification has been all on the side of inadequate reading, and that the poem from which the distinctively modern writers, whether in prose or verse, can learn most is the second part of "Faust." If ever a poet was in advance of his time, it was Goethe; we have not yet caught up with him, nor are we likely to do so very soon. Mr. Bryant finds in the progress which Goethe made from the cruder "Goetz" to the serene and finished "Helena" three stages through which the modern consciousness has passed to a complete understanding of itself. Intermediate is the "Iphigenia," in which is found a union of the antique and modern, more explicitly developed by Goethe afterward, and showing a reconciliation of the classic and romantic tendencies, a study of which may help us in the conflict between realists and idealists in which we are just now rather inconclusively engaged. Mr. Bryant says: "Evidently, then, the modern art-spirit as represented by Goethe repudiates absolutely the dictum that the first rule of art is to please. On the contrary, the first rule of all genuine art, and of modern art more than of any other, is, *Absolute faithfulness to Truth.* And the faithfulness of art to Truth is this: that it shall make truth pleasing, and that alone. True art, like true human effort of every kind, is addressed to rational, human beings. Doubtless to please *them is* the proper task of art. And art can please a rational human soul only in two ways; positively by exhibiting the True in its native beauty; and negatively by exhibiting the untrue in its native deformity." The *brochure* is interesting, covers a wide field in its discussions, and is above all suggestive. Students of the true Goethe who is more and more disclosing himself to our enlarging understanding will find this essay clear, vigorous, thought-provoking; it will also, as said before, throw light on some of the *dicta* constantly repeated for our guidance and as constantly perplexing us, such as "Art for Art's Sake," or "The Truth must be told, but not the whole Truth."

French discourses on Latin Classics.

Messrs. Hachette et Cie., of Paris, have issued a posthumous and unfinished work by Edouard Goumy, entitled "Les Latins," on which that versatile writer was engaged when death snatched the pen from his hand. The author, a Professor in several *lycées* and at last in the *Ecole Normale*, was at the same time a journalist of reputation and editor-in-chief of the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*,—

one of those stirring men, unfaltering dogmatists, who do other people's thinking for them, and pass from life leaving, like certain missiles, a hole considerably larger than their calibre. In the long preface (30 pp.) in which he defends the Latin classics as a means of education, it is curious to note the almost complete identity of the question in France and America,— an observation to which the author, whose favorite synonym for coarseness and vulgarity is *l'américanisme*, does not condescend. Nevertheless, those who are especially interested in that educational problem will find this preface the most noteworthy part of the work. The book itself (235 pp.) consists of a number of racy essays on Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Lucretius, Catullus, Cæsar, Sallust, Virgil, and Horace. It aims *ex professo* to prove the educational value of Latin literature from its character; but the writer is no blind admirer of the "Latins." He will rather shock many readers as an arrant iconoclast. Cicero he leaves in tatters, allowing him no character but that of a perfect master of form in prose — wherein he prefers him to all the Greeks, Demosthenes included. Plautus and Terence fare still worse. Like a good Frenchman, and one who evidently undervalues thoughtfulness in a writer, he cannot forgive Lucretius the dulness of the greater part of his work, though he grudgingly admits that he is a real poet. Even Virgil smarts for his Bucolics. He admires Catullus and Horace for that grace and *esprit* which the French prize above every other literary quality. Cæsar's simplicity charms his more serious mood. Of Sallust he says that he alone of all the ancients can be named alongside of Thucidides. Evidently it is well for Livy and Tacitus that the court adjourned *sine die* before their case was called. While Goumy's "*appréciations*" are always interesting, it is evident that the author wrote with a curious personal bias for or against these "Latins," whom a long familiarity had made real contemporaries to him; and it is equally clear that he has a tendency to exaggerate, to utter opinions "*à l'emporte-pièce*," which, while it may stimulate thought in those not accustomed "*jurare in verba magistri*," makes him an unsafe guide for those who cannot judge for themselves.

A readable account of the island of Malta.

In his new volume, "The Story of Malta" (Houghton), Mr. M. M. Ballou has blended the results of personal observation with historical and descriptive matter gathered from the authorities. To his own impressions of the island he has added the leading historical facts, as well as much general information as to flora and fauna, industries, exports and imports, traditions, etc., not forgetting the occupancy by the Knights of St. John, of whom an interesting account is given. The narrative is interspersed with amusing incidents drawn from the author's own experience. The following rather typical scene, for instance, occurred just before the landing at Malta: "'Are you going on shore, madam, while we take in coal?' asked the captain of a P. and O. steamship, addressing one of his lady passengers, who was *en route* from India to England. 'Can I get me a dear little Maltese dog there for a pet?' asked the lady in response. 'It is doubtful,' was the answer, 'the animals you refer to are now very scarce in these islands.' 'Then I think I'll remain on board,' rejoined madam. 'There's nothing on the island worth seeing, I believe.' 'Some persons come thousands of miles solely to visit the place,' was the captain's quiet reply; 'its history is very curious.' 'Are there any palaces?' 'There are over half a hundred edifices so called, though they have nearly all been diverted from their original purpose.' 'They have nice old lace here, I am told. But one can get the same thing in London, you know.' 'Oh, yes, and perhaps you'll be able to find a puppy to your liking in London,' said the sarcastic captain." Mr. Ballou is a veteran traveller, yet he assures us that in all his experience he "has failed to discover any locality of similar dimensions which embraces so thrilling a history, or whose present aspect is more attractive and picturesque." There are no illustrations in the volume.

A philosophical study of the Venetian Republic.

In "Venice: An Historical Sketch of the Republic" (Putnam), Mr. Horatio M. Brown shows satisfactorily that the "Sea Cybele" lends herself not only to the pictorial and romantic treatment usually accorded her, but that she also presents singular advantages for the scientific study of the State as an organism. The Venetian Republic offers a striking example of the birth, adolescence, decline, and death of a community, and therefore of the analogy of the nation to the individual; and it is largely with this conception in view that the author has carried out his task. He has endeavored throughout to state events, and then to suggest causes and consequences, without, as it seems to us, any serious lapses in the way of that Procrustean usage of facts which is the besetting sin of "philosophical" historians. The book is soberly written and compact almost to a fault; and it will serve admirably as a judicious supplement to the current Byronic-Turnerian presentments of Venice to which most of us owe our conceptions of her. It is well printed on good paper, and contains the requisite maps and charts, with an index and a list of authorities that should prove useful to the student.

The influence of personality in history.

Mr. Francis Seymour Stevenson's "Historic Personality" (Macmillan) is ostensibly a protest against the reactionary tendency of modern historical research to unduly subordinate the consideration of the influence of individuals to the examination of general causes. "To all," says Mr. Stevenson, "who doubt the value and importance of laying stress on the personality in history, no more effective method of dispelling their scepticism can be suggested than that, with fulness of mind and openness

of recollection, they should spend a few hours within the precincts of the Church of Santa Croce at Florence, and there ponder, amidst their solemn surroundings, over the part taken by the great men whose memory is there perpetuated in moulding the destinies of their nation and of humanity itself. . . . In poetry, in art, in politics, in science, every epoch of progress is signalized by the appearance of some man or of some men whose function consists not merely in representing, but in directing, the tendencies of which they are the embodiment." No one, we fancy, not even Mr. Buckle or Adam Smith, has ever disputed or is likely to dispute Mr. Stevenson's main position, which is perhaps advanced by him more as a convenient literary pretext than as a controvertible question. Having stated his text, Mr. Stevenson proceeds to take a brief survey of the several modes by which the personality of eminent men can be expressed and realized — by means of history, biography, diaries, letters, portrait-painting, etc.; and to each of these several heads a few pages of thoughtful discussion are devoted. While Mr. Stevenson's little book is rather a series of detached essays than a logical development of its central theme, it is pithy, suggestive, and readable.

An excellent manual of Spanish Literature.

MR. H. Butler Clarke, Taylorian Teacher of Spanish at Oxford, has prepared an elementary manual of "Spanish Literature" (Macmillan) that answers to an evident want. For the general reader, who requires a less voluminous work than that of Ticknor, this book is exactly the thing, and, in giving some attention to the writers of our own age, it even supplements Ticknor to a certain extent. We could wish, indeed, that somewhat more attention had been given to the remarkable group of living Spanish writers, whose merits Mr. Clarke evidently appreciates to the full. The author's style is agreeable, although nowise brilliant, and his book is as readable as one could expect a manual to be that covers, in so condensed a form, the whole range of Spanish literature. Numerous extracts from Spanish authors are given, "intended to relieve the monotony of a long list of short notices of authors, and to illustrate the development of the language and the progress of literary method." There are also useful lists of authorities, and of editions recommended for popular reading.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A TEXT of "The Gospel of Matthew in Greek" (Kerr) comes to us under the editorial auspices of Professors Alexander Kerr and Herbert Cushing Tolman, of the University of Wisconsin. Among the features of the work are the indication in bold type of those New Testament words found in Matthew alone, estimates of the frequency with which all the words occur, a summary of examples of Hebraism in Matthew, and complete historical and geographical indexes.

"THE Negro in the District of Columbia" is the subject taken by Mr. Edward Ingle for a monograph in the Johns Hopkins "Historical and Political Science" series. Mr. Ingle's work is based upon much careful observation, and his view of the negro problem is a fairly hopeful one. He finds that "lack of unity, the absence to a great degree of proper race pride, are the elements of weakness in the negroes." His pamphlet is an important contribution to the subject of our negro population.

GEORGE SAND'S "Nanon," a simple and exquisite story of the Revolutionary period, written at the very close of the author's life, is given us in the series of "Romans Choisis" for school use (Jenkins). The same publishers add to their "Contes Choisis" a little story by M. Henri Ardel, "Près du Bonheur." One of Balzac's minor masterpieces, "Le Curé de Tours," is a welcome addition to Heath's "Modern Language Series" of texts, and Mr. C. R. Carter has supplied the booklet with excellent notes.

A NEW edition of "The Letters of Charles Dickens" (Macmillan), selected by the daughter and sister-in-law of the novelist, now carefully revised and corrected, is a welcome edition to the series of dollar reprints of Dickens. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is the latest volume of the "Dryburgh Waverley" (Macmillan), Mr. John Williamson providing the illustrations. Mr. William Black's slight "Adventures in Thule" (Harper) are added to the new popular edition of that novelist, more for the sake of completeness, we presume, than from any notion of their literary value.

"How to Know the Wild Flowers" (Scribner), by Mrs. William Starr Dana, is a book that will be found peculiarly useful by lovers of nature who are not, and do not want to be, botanists. It is a manual that includes most of the attractive common species found in the Northern States east of the Mississippi, and its classification, based primarily upon colors, is so simple as to be easily mastered. There are, moreover, upwards of a hundred drawings, the work of Miss Marion Satterlee, which are more helpful than even the descriptions for purposes of identification, and to the accuracy of which we can testify. Nor is the text of the book mere description, but it is enlivened by anecdote and verse to the point of distinct readableness.

To the six volumes of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," and the two volumes of his selected poems, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. are now adding two volumes of the "Longer Prose Works." The first of these has appeared, and contains "Pericles and Aspasia" and the "Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare." The second volume will, of course, have the "Pentameron" for its principal feature. To the same publishers we are indebted for a pretty "Jane Eyre," in two volumes, the beginning of an edition of the complete works of the three Brontë sisters. Each volume has photogravure illustrations by Mr. H. S. Greig, and the edition is closely patterned after the exquisite "Jane Austen" that we have had frequent previous occasion to praise.

THAT the drama as a form of printed literature is not wholly extinct appears from the varied collection of volumes now before us. Sir Edwin Arnold's "Adzuma" (Scribners) is a four-act play, in prose and verse, upon a Japanese theme. "'Tis a true story of the old Japan," says the author, and we doubt it not. "The Crusaders" (Macmillan) is a recent comedy by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. William Archer introduces it to

the reading public. Mr. Richmond Sheffield Dement presents us with a blank verse drama upon the subject of "Napoleon" (Knight, Leonard & Co.), while Mr. C. Sadakichi Hartmann boldly makes "Christ" the central figure in what is called a dramatic poem, although our investigation of the work has disclosed nothing more than an absurd and stilted prose.

AMONG the more attractive of the season's pocketable volumes we note a new series of stories reprinted from "Scribner's Magazine," very daintily issued (Scribner), and classified as "Stories of New York," "Stories of the Railway," etc. "The Unexpected Guests" is the latest of Mr. Howell's inimitable farces, and appears in the "Black and White" series (Harper), as do also "The Rivals," a story from the French of M. F. Coppée, and "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa," a magazine article by Mr. H. M. Stanley. Mr. Frederic Harrison's blustering but readable essay on "The Choice of Books" is reprinted by itself (Macmillan) in a neat volume, not unlike which in form and style is the reprint of some magazine papers of Mr. F. M. Crawford, which somewhat platitudinously discuss the fateful question, "The Novel: What It Is" (Macmillan).

A FEW recent volumes of popular science may be briefly dismissed. Mr. R. T. Glazebrook's "Laws and Properties of Matter" (Appleton) is a book of elementary physics, but by no means for very young readers. "The Earth's History," by Mr. R. D. Roberts (Scribner), is a "University Extension Manual" of modern geology. Mr. N. S. Shaler's lectures on "The Interpretation of Nature" (Houghton) are geological, biological, and theological in their interest, the latter peculiarity arising from the fact that they were written for the Andover Seminary. "Alcoholism and Its Treatment," by Dr. J. E. Usher (Putnam), is a sensible discussion of an important subject, and does not take the popular nostrums very seriously. In his "Pioneers of Science" (Macmillan), Mr. Oliver Lodge writes entertainingly and with knowledge of the great astronomers from Copernicus to Adams, and of their discoveries.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

A life of Edwin Booth, by Mr. William Winter, will soon be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

The Letters of Matthew Arnold, edited by Mr. George Russell, are to appear in the autumn.

The English publishers of Captain Mahan's life of Farragut advertise the work as a life of "the great Confederate admiral."

M. Ferdinand Brunetiére has just been elected to the French Academy, receiving twenty-two votes as against four cast for M. Zola.

The Contemporary Publishing Co. announce "The Arctic Problem and Narrative of the Peary Relief Expedition," by Professor Angelo Heilprin.

We are informed that the bright and versatile "Gyp" (Comtesse de Mirabeau-Martel) is about to publish some sketches of Parisian "higlif" bearing upon the recent Panama scandal.

"The Keynote," a musical monthly started in New York ten years ago by Mr. Frederick Archer, has been purchased by Mr. E. Lyman Bill, who will enlarge and otherwise improve the magazine.

"A Handbook for Graduate Students" is announced by Messrs. Ginn & Co. It will include, arranged in departments, a list of the advanced research courses to be given by eleven American universities during the coming year.

Messrs. Tait, Sons & Co. are to publish a series of reprints of two hundred volumes which "exhaustive inquiry made of the leading librarians throughout the country has shown to be the books most in demand in their libraries."

Mr. Ruskin's profits for the past six years from the sale of his works, according to his publisher, have been about $140,000. It is noticeable that the publishing methods of the great art critic are not now derided by the trade as they were a few years ago.

The summer meeting of the Western Association of Writers will be held at Warsaw, Indiana, from June 26 to June 30, inclusive. One half of each day will be given to literature, and the other half to fishing. The Association is seven years old, and has published three volumes of "literary products."

Now comes the report that at Magdalen, the home of the Pepysian Library, the accepted pronunciation of the immortal diarist's name is "Peeps," and that the evidence indicates this to have been sanctioned by Pepys himself, and by the descendants of his sister Paulina. Yet other branches of the family all pronounce it "Peppis." Thus, curiously enough, the general pronunciation, "Peps," has no support among persons to whom the name belongs.

Besides the concluding volumes of the "Israel," several other posthumous works of Renan are promised, including "Mélanges Philosophiques," "Ma Sœur Henriette," and a supplementary volume of the "Histoire Littéraire de la France." There is also talk of publishing the literary and scientific letters addressed by Renan to many persons, as well as a "Bréviaire," wherein he wished to classify his most reverential expressions about religion, and a "Catéchisme Moderne," a singular manual of the faiths which a man learned in science may avow at the end of the nineteenth century.

A Paris correspondent of the London "Times" writes to that paper as follows: "M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who, after 59 years' consecutive labour, completed the translation of all the works of Aristotle about eighteen months ago, has since undertaken to write the biography of Victor Cousin. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who will complete his 88th year in August, being about three months the senior of M. de Lesseps, has already done one of the three volumes into which his biography of the great French philosopher will run, and he hopes, if his health is preserved, to finish it by the end of next year."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1893 (Second List).

Alcott, A. Bronson. *Dial* (June 16).
American Animal Life. H. L. Osborn. *Dial* (June 16).
American Patriotic Poems. Charlotte Porter. *Poet-Lore.*
Art at the Fair. Illus. E. Knaufft. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Art, Modern Decadence. Frederic Harrison. *Forum.*
Birth-Rate in the United States. J. S. Billings. *Forum.*
Chicago, Transit in. Illus. H. H. Windsor. *Rev. of Rev.*
Conventions of 1893. Illus. *Review of Reviews.*
Democracy and Education. *Dial* (June 16).
Education in the U. S., Ten Years of. W. Addis. *School Rev.*
Education, Early. S. S. Laurie. *School Review.*
Educational Progress. C. F. Thwing and J. M. Rice. *Forum.*
Emerson and Beauty in Poetry. Helen A. Clark. *Poet-Lore.*
Faith, Interpretations of. John Bascom. *Dial* (June 16).

Financial Excitement, The. G. R. Gibson. *Forum.*
Foreign Problems, Our. T. M. Crowley, Gilbert Reid. *Forum.*
Geography in the Schools. W. M. Davis. *School Review.*
Lazarus, Emma. Mary M. Cohen. *Poet-Lore.*
Leighton, Sir Frederick. Illus. *Review of Reviews.*
Literary Criticism in America. H. H. Boyesen. *Forum.*
Monetary Conference, The. E. B. Andrews. *Political Science.*
Newspaper and College. C. F. Thwing. *Educational Rev.*
Office-Seekers and Mr. Cleveland. L. Windmüller. *Forum.*
Paderewski in America. H. T. Finck. *Forum.*
Pension Scandals. J. DeW. Warner and A. R. Foote. *Forum.*
Poe and the Brownings. J. L. Onderdonk. *Dial* (June 16).
Progressive Taxation. E. R. A. Seligman. *Polit. Science.*
"Psychic Phenomena." Joseph Jastrow. *Dial* (June 16).
School Organization in Cities. A. S. Draper. *Educat'l Rev.*
Secession, Responsibility for. Sidney Webster. *Pol. Science.*
Spanish-Californian Schools. C. H. Shinn. *Educational Rev.*
University Participation. A. B. Hart. *Educational Rev.*
Whitman, Walt. O. L. Triggs. *Poet-Lore.*
Women Poets of America, Early. Mary Harned. *Poet-Lore.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, embracing 65 titles, includes all books received by* The Dial *since last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life. Selected from the Journals of Marianne North, chiefly between the years 1859-69. Edited by her sister, Mrs. John A. Symonds. With portraits, 8vo, pp. 316, uncut. Macmillan & Co. $3.50.

Recollections of Dr. John Brown, with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Alexander Peddie, M.D. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 200, uncut. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Whittier with the Children. By Margaret Sidney, author of "Old Concord." Illus., 8vo, pp. 60, gilt top, uncut edges. D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.

George William Curtis: An Address. By John White Chadwick. With portraits, 32mo, pp. 75. Harper's "Black and White Series." 50 cts.

Phillips Brooks. By Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D. With portraits, 32mo, pp. 50. Harper's "Black and White Series." 50 cts.

Phillips Brooks in Boston. Five Years' Editorial Estimates. By M. C. Ayres. With introduction by Rev. W. J. Tucker, D.D. 24mo, pp. 120, red edges. G. H. Ellis. 50 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Studies of the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds. Third edition, in 2 vols., 8vo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. $6.00.

Correspondence and Public Papers of John Jay. Edited by Henry P. Johnston, A.M. Vol. IV., 1794 to 1826. Large 8vo, pp. 332, gilt top, uncut edges. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen: Some of the Master's Dramas Condensed, Revised, etc. By F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versâ." Illus., 18mo, pp. 228. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

The Making of a Newspaper: Experiences of Certain American Journalists related by themselves. Edited by Melville Phillips. 12mo, pp. 322. G. G. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Bon-Mots of Sydney Smith and R. Brinsley Sheridan. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illus., 32mo, pp. 192. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

A Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literature. Compiled by M. Jastrow, Ph.D. Part VI., 4to, pp. 481 to 576. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

The Book of Job: Critical edition of the Hebrew Text. With notes by C. Siegfried, and English translation of the notes by R. E. Brünnow. 4to, uncut. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.00.

An Historical Study of the e-Vowels in Accented Syllables in English. By Edwin W. Bowen, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 78, paper. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Le Piano de Jeane and Qui Perd Gagne. By Francisque Sarcey. Arranged for Schools by E. H. Magill, A.M. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 194. Philadelphia: Christopher Sower Co. 60 cts.

The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Edited by Edwin Ginn. 16mo, pp. 213. Ginn's "Classics for Children." 45 cts.

Columbia's Emblem, Indian Corn: A Garland of Tributes in Prose and Verse. Illus., 16mo, pp. 62. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cts.

ART AND MUSIC.

Picture and Text. By Henry James. Illus., 24mo, pp. 175. Harper & Bros. $1.00.

Art, Music, and Nature: From the Writings of David Swing. With portrait, 8vo, pp. 67. Searle & Gorton. $1.

The Pianist's Art: A Treatise on Piano Playing. By Adolph Carpé. 12mo, pp. 160. Chicago: Lyon & Healy.

POETRY.

The Poetical Works of Coleridge. Edited, with biographical introduction, by James Dykes Campbell. With portrait, 8vo, pp. 667, gilt top, uncut edges. Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

Poems by Two Brothers. 16mo, uncut, pp. 231. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

A Song of the Christ. By Harriet Adams Sawyer. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut edges. D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.

Bits of Blue. By Wesley Bissonette. 16mo. C. H. Kerr & Co. $1.00.

FICTION.

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